



ARCADIAN
LEAVES

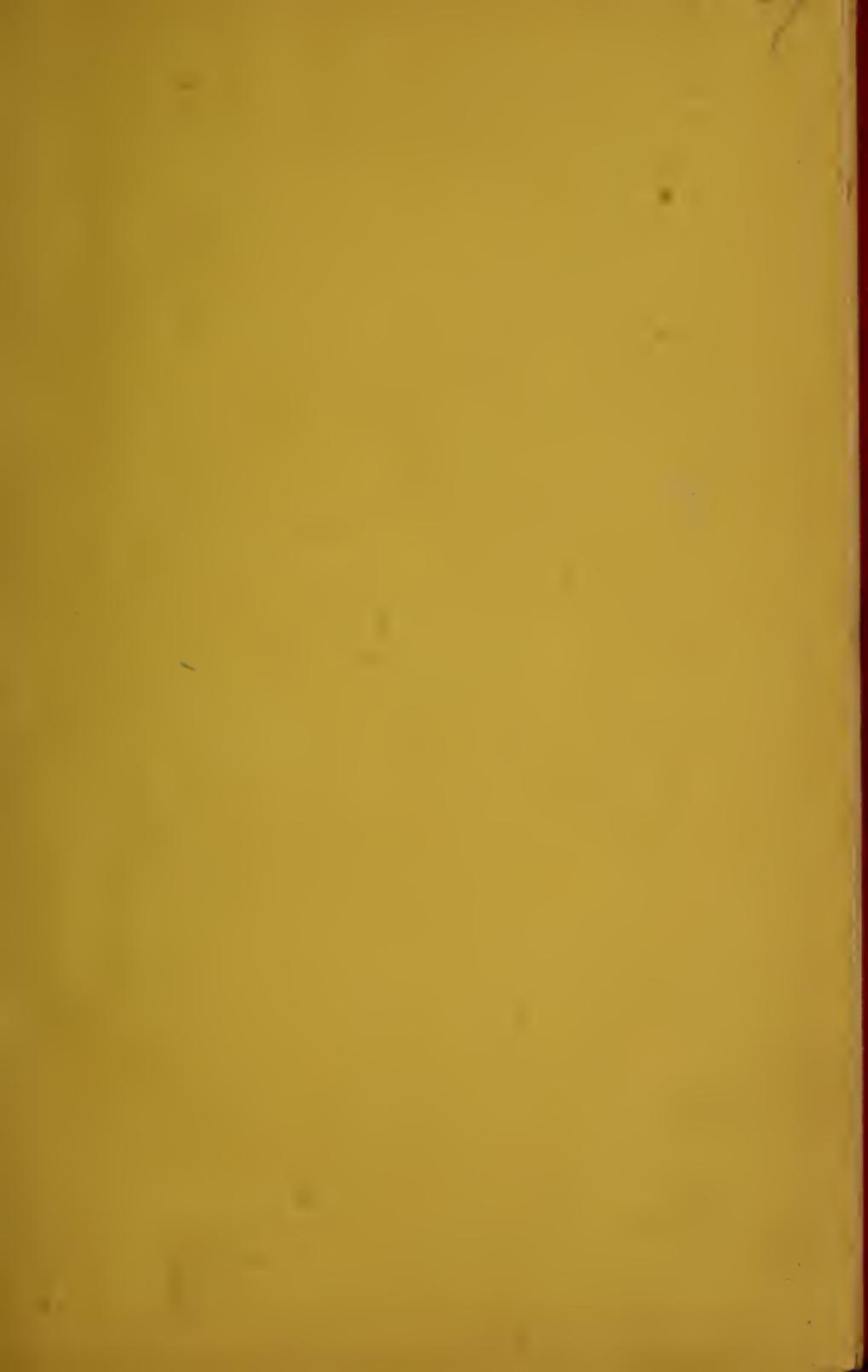
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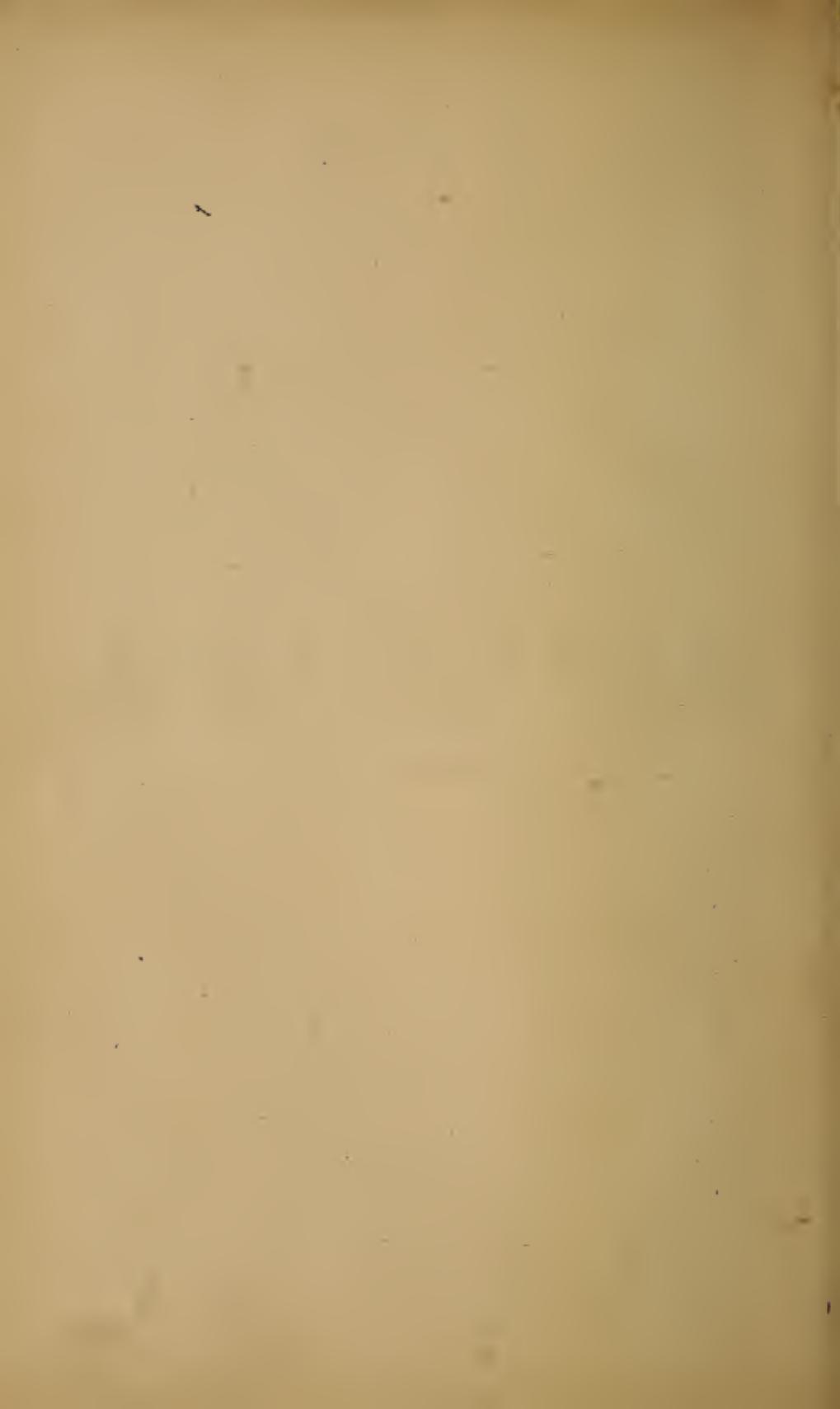
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ARCADIAN LEAVES.



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BY

ALICE A. HOLMES.



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THE DEDICATION.

Go, little book, I send thee forth
With many an anxious thought ;
Oh, let thy snowy pages bear
The gems I long have sought.

Perchance some gentle eye will turn,
At twilight's dreamy hour,
And cull from thee one little bud,
To bloom in friendship's bower.

Oft have I wandered far away,
When summer days were long,
And sat me down by mem'ry's stream,
To catch its fairy song.

Go, little book, I send thee forth
With many an anxious thought ;
Oh, let thy snowy pages bear
The gems I long have sought.

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ARCADIAN LEAVES.

AMONG the multiplicity of books and authors that present themselves to us in this age of letters, none should be so acceptable to the public ear as those ornate with the varied tints of romance and poesy, engendering in the minds of the young a pure, healthful, and genuine virtue, and awakening the adult to a culture of those powers and faculties, which have for their object the glorious exaltation of our imperfect natures.

Yet, so eager are we to follow fancy in her airy flight, and to catch her sweet inspiration, that the qualities of the author, and his disposition to foster those tendencies, are seldom or never taken into account. Our notions of men are generally based upon their works; and the opinions which the young

form of the world in whose interests and concerns they are about to participate, are founded on the experience of those gone before them. How important, then, that the tutor should feel it his incumbent duty to place in the hands of his pupil, works, whose perusal would enable him to cope with its dangers, and to ascend, one by one, the steps of fame unsullied, until he gains the top, from which he may behold a bright and glorious inheritance beyond; unlike the prophet of old, who, from Pisgah's top, beheld the fair land whose fragrant precincts he was never permitted to enter. It is with this intent we cheerfully subscribe to the beauties of the little volume now before us.

Think, gentle reader, as you speak of these productions, and judge of their merits—oh! think of the grateful heart you gladden by your kind and liberal patronage.

The writer of this little work lost her sight at the age of nine years. Her last view of this beautiful earth was the scenery of Staten Island, where she esided at that time.

After struggling with adversity for several years, and all hope of recovering her sight had flown, she entered the New-York Institution for the Blind in 1837, from which she graduated in 1844 with its highest honors. Since then, her life has not been one of ease, of sunshine, and song ; but where others have found the rose, hers has been the scentless thorn. Her condition is truthfully portrayed in the expressive lines of one of her own class :

“ Wide o'er my prospect rueful darkness breathes
Her inauspicious vapor ; in whose shade,
Fear, grief, and anguish, natives of her reign,
In social sadness gloomy vigils keep ;
With them I walk, with them still doomed to share
Eternal blackness, without hope of dawn.”

Soon after her term of pupilage expired at the Institution, the death of her kind father added a new sorrow to her condition. Many of our readers will doubtless remember that, in '49, the author published a neat little volume entitled “ Poems by Alice Holmes,” which was favorably received by the people ; and she fondly hopes that these pages

may meet with a like reception, by an intelligent and liberal public.

Miss Holmes does not issue this little volume with the hope of handing down her name to distant posterity, or with a view to literary honor; but with the laudable desire of avoiding a dependency, so repulsive to an active and sensitive mind.

EVA ; OR, THE BASKET OF WILD FLOWERS.

“My poor, poor Eva!” said Mrs. Wentworth, fixing her large dark eyes, with an expression of anxious solicitude, on the frail form of a delicate child, who sat busily employed in arranging some beautiful wild flowers she had just been gathering. Having completed her task, she arose, and, gliding noiselessly to the bedside of her mother, bent down, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek, said, in a gentle tone, “Good bye, Mamma; I’ll be back soon. Don’t cry,” she continued, winding her arms tenderly about her mother’s neck. “Let us learn to put our trust in Him who has promised to be the widow’s guard, and a father to the fatherless. I know He has heard my prayer, and will help me to dispose of my basket of flowers; and with a few shillings thus

earned, I shall be able to bring home something to nourish and strengthen you."

"But your own health, Eva?" replied Mrs. Wentworth. "Remember you have tasted nothing since yestermorn, and I fear your limbs are too weak to sustain you, even should you meet with the success you anticipate."

"Never mind me, dear mother," answered the child, and with a light step, she bounded gaily from the room, and descending the broken staircase, soon found herself beneath the broad blue sky—her young heart bounding with the hopes which her own bright fancy had woven, and which were pure and guileless, as the innocent flowers that lay smiling in her own tiny basket.

"Heaven blees thee, my own darling!" ejaculated Mrs. Wentworth, as the last echo of her receding footsteps died upon her ear. Then closing her eyes, she sank into one of those pleasing reveries, that sometimes visit the weary and care-worn; and her thoughts went back to the home of her early youth. Again, she beheld the cheerful fire blazing on the

hearth, and the little group who were wont to assemble at eve around the family altar. Again, she looked upon the gray hairs of her venerable sire, as he opened the inspired volume, and from its sacred pages read the sweet message of redeeming love. In the midst of this happy picture, the door softly opened, and Mr. Vincent, the clergyman, entered. For many years, this amiable and excellent man had been a faithful and devoted servant of his Divine Master, in private as well as in public. He labored earnestly to inculcate the precepts held out by the doctrines of the Church; and those opposed to him in religious faith could not but admit that his life was that of an humble, and self-denying Christian.

In the abodes of wretchedness and want, by the bedside of the sick and the dying, he was ever found, patiently administering to their necessities, pouring the balm of consolation into their wounded bosoms, or leading the wanderer to Him, who, is ever ready to receive the returning prodigal.

Mrs. Wentworth, by whom his visits were always regard as sources of peculiar comfort, felt on this occasion that his presence was doubly welcome.

For several weeks, she had experienced the most acute suffering. Her strength was rapidly decreasing, and she realized that ere long she must bid farewell to earth, and lie down in the cold and silent tomb.

In the course of their conversation, Mr. Vincent, alluding to the many trials and difficulties through which, in the providence of God, she had been called to pass, ventured to ask whether, under all these afflicting circumstances, she could say in the spirit of meekness, "Thy will be done."

"Yes," replied the invalid.

"Trials make the promise sweet—
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there."

"Then," continued the clergyman, "should it please God to call you from this world, have you any fears with reference to your acceptance with Him?"

"None," she answered. "There is but one thing that troubles me. My solicitude for the wel-

fare of my child sometimes makes me feel an earnest desire to struggle on a little longer."

"If this be your only source of anxiety," said Mr. Vincent, "it shall speedily be removed. Eva shall be tenderly cared for. I have no children, and she shall find in me a father and a friend."

Mrs. Wentworth attempted to express her gratitude, but a gush of tears choked her utterance. At this moment, Eva came bounding into the room, her countenance glowing with animation, while she held up to the astonished gaze of her mother a gold coin, which she said had been given her by a kind gentleman to whom she had sold her flowers. "And what do you think, mamma?" she continued, throwing back the flaxen curls that shaded her fair brow, "when I told him my name, and that I had a mother who was ill, he sighed, and said something about coming to see us, which I did not quite understand."

Mr. Vincent soon after took his leave, promising to call on the following morning, and it had been mutually agreed to say nothing to Eva on the subject of her future home.

Charles Wentworth was the only son of a wealthy merchant, residing in a flourishing town some few miles distant from the city of Boston.

When only fifteen years of age, he evinced so strong a predilection for the sea, that his father, willing to gratify his desire, and thinking that a single voyage would be sufficient to cool his enthusiasm, allowed him to embark with an intimate friend in a vessel bound for Liverpool. This voyage, however, decided his future course. At the early age of nineteen, he married Lucy Gray, a young and beautiful girl, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who, it was fondly hoped, would induce him to change his mode of life, for the more quiet scenes of domestic enjoyment.

Soon after the birth of Eva, he received the command of a vessel bound for India. Two years subsequent, a rumor was circulated that the vessel had been wrecked during a violent storm, and that he, together with most of the crew, was lost.

This melancholy disaster proved a death-blow to the elder Wentworth. A short time previous, he

sustained a heavy loss, in consequence of speculation, in which he had become seriously involved ; and at his decease, his family were left in circumstances of utter destitution. After a series of misfortunes, Mrs. Wentworth removed to Boston, where, by the aid of her needle, she succeeded in obtaining a comfortable support for herself and child.

But the constant fatigue to which she was necessarily subjected, tended to undermine her constitution—naturally delicate—and, ere long, her languid step and pale cheek told that disease had begun its fearful work.

Eva had by this time completed her tenth year. Her quick eye was not long in detecting the altered appearance of her mother ; and young as she was she determined to devise some means by which to alleviate her condition. That very evening, on her return from the parsonage, her attention was attracted by a child about her own age carrying a basket, in which were some rosebuds and delicate orange-blossoms. “Where are you going ?” she

asked. "There," answered the child, pointing to a splendid edifice on the opposite side of the street; "and I must make haste, or Miss Ellen will think I am not coming." This trifling incident suggested a plan which Eva determined to put into immediate execution. Early on the following morning, she arose from her couch, and, stealing quietly from the room, directed her steps to a small grove, where she soon collected a variety of choice flowers. Having tastefully arranged them into chaplets and nosegays, she placed them in a basket, and went forth on her errand of love. The success which attended her first effort induced her to repeat the experiment. Thus she continued, till the time of her introduction to the reader, when she encountered the mysterious stranger, whose singular benevolence overwhelmed her with gratitude, and gave a new impulse to her ambition. Hardly had she seated herself to partake of the plentiful repast, which her good fortune had enabled her to provide, when a slight tap was heard, and a tall, handsome figure, neatly attired, entered the apartment. Eva sprang to his side, and, taking

his hand, said timidly, "Mamma, here is the gentleman who was so kind to us this morning."

For a single instant, the eyes of Mrs. Wentworth were riveted on those of the stranger. Then clasping her hands, she exclaimed convulsively, "My own, my beloved husband ! I little thought to see thy face in this world ; but God is merciful ; the dead is alive, and the lost is restored to me again!"

We shall not attempt to describe the emotions of Captain Wentworth at this unexpected recognition on the part of his wife, or the joy of little Eva, when told that the kind gentleman was no other than her own dear papa. A few words sufficed to explain the cause of his long absence. After the wreck of the ill-fated vessel, he was rescued from his perilous condition by a ship belonging to Portugal. On arriving at Lisbon, he found himself almost without the means of subsistence, and he at once formed the resolution of retrieving his fortune ere he should again visit his native land. To this end, he labored sedulously for many years. At length the palm was won ; the great object of his life was

accomplished, and he had come home to end his days in the bosom of his family.

Mr. Vincent soon joined the happy circle, and a song of praise went up like incense to the throne of God. It was now mid-summer, and when autumn came, and the flowers drooped, a voice was heard like the low breathings of an angel's harp, and the soul of Mrs. Wentworth plumed its ethereal wings and went home to that rest that remains for the finally faithful. Mr. Vincent followed the bereaved husband and child to the little churchyard; and as he read those solemn and impressive words, "I am the resurrection and the life," the sacred relics of the dead were laid in their last resting place. Eva never forgot her mother; but as she grew up, she endeavored to walk in her footsteps, and imitate her example.

Captain Wentworth lived to see his daughter united in marriage to an industrious tradesman of Boston, and then passed tranquilly away to that world where the spirit of his beloved Lucy had gone before him.

RESIGNATION.
—

To Thee, my Father and my God,
I would my heart resign,
And never more at Thy blest will
Ungratefully repine.

No ! though bereavement, sickness, want,
Should all my path attend,
I will not murmur or complain,
If Thou wilt be my friend.

When shades of sorrow gather round,
And friends seem strange and cold,
Oh ! let me with the eye of faith
Thy smiling face behold.

In sweet obedience to Thy will
I would in future live—
Where I am weak, oh ! make me strong !
Where I have sinned, forgive !

CAST NOT AFFECTION FROM THEE.

WOUND not the heart by cold reserve
That fondly clings to thine,
Nor doom the spirit to despair
That worships at thy shrine.

Chill not the warm and gushing stream
That pure affection brings,
Nor to an early tomb consign
The heart from which it springs.

Crush not to earth the tender germ
Which thou, perchance, hast sown—
Twill bloom for thee in years to come,
When other charms have flown.

Extinguish not love's cherished spark
That thou hast fanned to light,
Thou may'st require its holy ray
To cheer affliction's night.

Treat not with scorn the sunny smile
That's only won by thine,
It may, perhaps, a solace be
When life and friends decline.

Rejoice not o'er grief's bitter tears,
Nor bid them faster flow,
They may, if spared, bedew thy grave
When death shall lay thee low.

TO M. H.

OH ! could I borrow from the skies
An angel's golden lyre,
In sweeter strains I'd sing to thee,
And breathe my soul's desire.

For mortal tongue can ne'er unfold
The yearnings of my heart,
Nor speak the deep, unbounded joy
Thy friendship doth impart.

But please accept the warm response
That my glad heart would give,
And in thy mem'ry cherish'd still
Oh ! let our friendship live.

And when we're laid within the tomb,
By death's relentless hand,
We'll rest in hope again to meet
In yonder spirit land.

TO MY NIECE, ALICE J. HOLMES.

AH ! think not, Alice, I forget
The happy time that's fled,
When like a sunbeam o'er my path
A joyous light you shed ;
Or, as an angel from the skies
On holy mission sent,
Devotedly my tastes to please
Your leisure moments spent ;

And cheerfully my will obey'd
With fond endearing care,
Nor ever deemed it hard with me
Life's deepest woes to share :

And never seemed thy heart so gay
As when, in gladness, mine,
Sad cares forgot, and sought the while
Fresh wreathes of love and hope to twine.

But shall I never see thee more ?

Or never hear again
The music of thy merry laugh
I list so oft in vain ?
Nor find thee stealing to my side,
When bowed by grief or care ?
Or feel the touch I knew so well,
To tell me thou wert there ?

Can I these joyous hours forget ?
Oh, no, dear Alice, no !
Their memory will my spirit cheer,
When tears of sorrow flow ;
And ever cherished in my heart
Shall thy dear image dwell—
Affection's cord shall bind us still
Though we have breathed farewell.

Sad thoughts like these I cannot brook—
They're too much fraught with pain;
But fondly, fondly will I hope
That we may meet again.
Then sorrow's clouds will pass away,
And sunny joys appear,
And sweetly will my days glide on
With one to me so dear.

TO MY BROTHER WILLIAM, IN OREGON;

ON REFLECTING THAT HE WOULD BE ABSENT AT CHRISTMAS.

Written December 20th, 1857.

THE Christmas time is coming, brother,
With days of mirth and glee;
Couldst thou but spend them with us, brother,
How happy should I be !

When around the festive board, brother,
We gather to good cheer,
How my sad heart will ache, brother,
To see thy vacant chair !

But when the best of wishes, brother,
Are echoed warm and free,
I'll waft a merry Christmas, brother,
Upon the winds to thee.

ANGELS AND SHEPHERDS.

ST LUKE, CHAP. II., VER. 8-15.

'TWAS midnight. All was locked in dreamy sleep ;
The sky was cloudless, and the golden stars
Circled the brow of their celestial queen,
Whose silver beams illum'd the tranquil earth.
No sound disturbed the stillness of the air,
Save the low murmur of a winding stream,
And the soft whisper of a gentle breeze
That o'er the dewy grass its perfume shed.
Such was the hour, so lovely, calm, serene,
When, to the shepherds, who, on Judah's plain,
By night, did watch their flocks with tender care,

Behold ! the angel of the Lord appear'd,
And God's transcendent glory shone around,
Which filled their trembling souls with fear.
" Be not afraid," the shining angel said,
Whose dove-like wings were bathed in silver light ;
" Glad tidings of great joy to you I bring.
To you in Bethlehem, this day, is born
Of David's line a Saviour, Christ, the Lord,
Who is the everlasting Prince of peace.
And this shall be a sign : a lovely babe
You there shall find, who, wrap'd in swathing bands,
Is with his mother in a manger laid."
He touched his golden harp, and lo ! with him
Appeared a multitude of seraphs bright,
Who with their sweet harmonious voices say,
" Good-will henceforth and peace to man below !
And glory in the highest, be ascribed
To Him, who sits on Heaven's eternal throne !"
They ceased, and on their starry pinions sped
To realms of light, in that celestial sphere
Where, day and night, low bending at His throne,
Angels and high archangels join their songs,
And to Jehovah's name glad homage pay.

TO A SISTER.

OH ! sister, kind and dear,
When stars look on the sea,
And friends are thronging round my heart,
And tears of grateful feeling start,
"Tis then I think of thee.

Together have we strayed
In happy hours gone by,
When merry birds with plumage fair,
Came lightly sailing through the air,
Beneath a cloudless sky.

And, sister, when I hear
The brooklet murmur free—
Its sparkling water while I drink,
And gather pebbles on its brink,
My thoughts are then with thee.

When peaceful slumber woos
 My spirit calm and free,
And visions of departed days
Bring back their sweet enchanted rays,
 Oh ! then, I dream of thee !

At morn, at dewy eve,
 When hope inspires my prayer,
Still on the wings of faith and love
I bear thee to the throne above—
 Thou art remembered there.

TO MISS SARAH ANN CROCHERON,

A GRADUATE OF THE NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

WHILE fondly I muse o'er the past,
 When life was all sunshine and glee,
Where now are the pleasures, I ask,
 That smiled on its beautiful sea ?
Gone ! gone ! are those halcyon hours,
 Like dreams that enchant us a while,

And friendship has fled from the bowers
Where once we beheld her sweet smile ;
And warm beating hearts that of yore
With ours were united in love—
We hear their sweet echoes no more :
They're passed to the mansions above.
And all the bright scenes of our mirth
Have sped with the fleeting of years,
And on the horizon of earth
No sign of returning appears.

Yet fresh in my heart linger still
The times of devotion with thee,
When humbly we sought what the will
Of our Father in Heaven might be ;
And sweetly communed of the blesst
That dwell in those regions of light,
Where the weary for ever shall rest,
And faith shall be changed into sight.
At eve, when my fingers would trace
The page by Jehovah inspired,
And thou heard'st the sweet message of grace—
Thy soul with devotion was fired.

The Sabbath ! how often its rays
In concert we've hailed at one shrine,
As we met, our Creator to praise,
For accents of mercy divine !

But ah ! this sweet union was o'er
When all our bright school-days were past ;
Fond ties that had bound us before,
Too rudely were severed at last.
Now o'er the broad ocean of life
Henceforth we must journey alone,
Till we reach the fair Haven, where strife,
Where sorrow and grief are unknown.

'Twas sad from each other to part
From scenes that the world could not mar ;
Still are we united in heart
Though distance has severed us far.
But life will pass swiftly away,
It is but a shadow at best ;
In faith, let us hope for the day
That will crown us with glory and rest.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A STORM.

THE dark cloud is past, the wild storm is o'er,
The thunder's loud crash re-echoes no more ;
And the ocean's proud billows, that rolled mountain
high,
Now calm, on its breast all motionless lie.
The bark that was tossed by waves has anew
Once more spread her sails to the fathomless blue ;
And the bright orb of day, that vanished awhile,
Is cheering again the earth with its smile.
And rude, boist'rous winds, that howl'd through the
trees,
Are now giving place to a soft summer breeze ;
And birds, to the mountains for refuge that flew,
Are warbling to God the praise to Him due.
And wild blooming flowers, that drank of the rain,
Are shedding sweet perfume o'er dale, hill, and
plain ;
And the large drops that fell, like tears from the sky,
Now, gem-like, embroider the beds where they lie.

The lowing of herds is passing away,
And again on the hills the young lambs are at play,
And the bee, that had ceased from his labors awhile,
Is basking once more in the sunbeam's smile.
Insects, that thirsted, are filling the air
With songs of thanksgiving, in answer to prayer ;
And the earth's summer robe, that faded had been,
Is turning again to a beautiful green.
Though wild was the tempest, and dark was the
 cloud,
And harsh was the thunder that echoed so loud,
Yet nature rejoices, since these are all past,
And fear and dismay are now fled in the blast.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MISS CATHARINE JONES.

HARK ! hark ! what mean those plaintive notes of
woe,

From yonder bell whose solemn peal I hear ?
Why moves the crowd with measured step, and slow ?
Why bows the soul ? Why falls the burning tear ?
Alas ! those waving plumes of mournful hue

Tell of a form, that, like a lily fair,
Around each heart a tender magic threw,
And left a smile of quiet beauty there.

Disease had early marked her for its prey ;
We heard no more her soft elastic tread ;
The rose-bud withered from her cheek away ;
Her laughing eye a waning lustre shed.

Calmly she slept, but ere that sleep was o'er
An angel caught her spirit pure and bright,
And on his starry pinions swiftly bore
The precious treasure to its home of light.

Sweet was her welcome to that radiant clime,

Beyond the portals of the silent tomb ;
Where golden harps with choral voices chime,
And dewy flowrets wear eternal bloom.

Dear parents, while your tears of anguish flow,
Oh ! look above these sombre clouds of care,
To yonder world where living fountains flow,
And see, by faith, your lovely daughter there.

Safe from the storms that wake life's troubled sea,
By no sorrow nor by sin oppressed ;
From every pain your darling one is free.

And would you win her from that sacred rest ?
Oh ! may your stricken hearts a solace find,
In Him who once the vale of darkness trod !
And may your deep affliction closer bind
Your spirits to your Saviour and your God !

THE PARTING DAY.

OH ! dearest lov'd one, blame me not,
If I am pensive now ;
It is that dreaded parting day
Brings sorrow to my brow.
Though oft I check fast falling tears,
And bid my heart be still,
I cannot drive sad thoughts away,
They come without the will ;
And fain I would be happy, too,
While thou may'st linger here,
And laugh the joyous hours away,
Nor mar them by a tear.
But ah ! that sad, undying thought,
That we, ere long, must part—
With present joy, doth mingle grief,
And wrings my aching heart.

Then, dearest lov'd one, blame me not
When tears bedew my cheek ;

The grief I would from others hide
Forbids me oft to speak ;
But while a spark of life remains,
The heart I've pledged to thee,
For thee shall beat, both warm and true,
Alike in grief and glee.

But ah ! the night is waning fast—
I'll seek repose a while,
And fondly hope in pleasant dreams
To meet thy cheering smile ;
For while embraced in slumber sweet,
On fancy's pinions bright,
Perchance thy spirit seeketh mine—
Good night, my love, good night !

TO S. A. A.
—

OH ! Sarah dear, this dreary day
Has made my heart so sad,
I scarce can think of aught to say
To make another's glad ;
But I will take my harp a while,
And wake its merry strings—
It may my breast inspire, beguile,
With brighter, better things.

Fair girl, thou bidst me sing to thee—
Shall friendship be my theme ?
'Tis sweeter, dearer far to me
Than love's capricious dream ;
But o'er thy warm and youthful heart
May steal that magic spell !
But ah ! avoid the woman's part,
Of loving but too well.

May friendship's fondest, hallowed tie
Bind many hearts to thine !—
A kindly word to none deny,
It is a winning sign.

In joy or grief, in weal or woe,
Let friendship be supreme,
'Twill make sad tears forget to flow,
And life far sweeter seem.

Ah ! who would be without a friend
In sorrow's dreary night ?
Or care a life in pomp to spend
If friendship hides her light ?
Dear girl, I fain would be thy friend—
Oh, say ! wil't thou be mine,
And let our hearts together blend
At friendship's holy shrine ?

M E D O R A .

'TWAS evening. One by one the glittering stars
Looked calmly forth o'er nature as she slept,
With her young blossoms cradled on her breast,
While ever and anon, in sportive mood,
A truant zephyr, with its idle wing,
Would shake the lily on its slender stem,
Or brush the dew-drops that had crept away,
To nestle in the petals of the rose.

Beneath a drooping willow, that for years
Had laved its branches in a cooling stream,
Medora sat ; her eyes of mildest hue
Were upward turned, as if in pensive thought,
And o'er her neck of snowy whiteness hung
The flowing tresses of her auburn hair.
Oh ! she was beautiful, a blushing maid
Of eighteen summers ; yet her gentle heart
Too well had known the bitterness of grief,
And as she mused, and fond remembrance came
Of by-gone days, when in that shady nook
She listened to the tender vows of love,
From him, who long had wandered from his home ;
Her spirit drooped, she bowed her head and wept.
Ah ! who may reach the hidden springs that lie
Within the secret depths of woman's soul !—
Man may forget, by fickle fortune swayed,
And to his sacred trust may recreant prove ;
But she, unchanging, till her latest hour,
Will in her trusting heart his mem'ry keep ;
Though wronged, deceived, her faltering lips will
 breathe
His hallowed name ; nor chide his cold neglect.

An hour had sped, and still in silence there
Medora sat ; 'twas strange, and yet she felt
A sudden transport, though she knew not why.
The crescent moon reflected soft and clear
Her lovely image in a placid lake,
Where Clarence oft had row'd his little bark,
And sparkling wavelets curl'd the dipping oar.
Hark ! hark ! What sound is that so faintly heard ?
She starts ! It cannot be ; she dares not hope !
And yet—that manly voice—so like his own !
She turns ! a sail is fluttering in the breeze,
And soon her lover springs upon the shore ;
Her form encircles in a fond embrace.
Again she feels affection's balmy kiss
And in her bosom glows a holier flame—
The wanderer has returned to roam no more.

LAND OF MY BIRTH.

LAND of my birth ! though on a distant shore,
My yearning heart still warmly turns to thee ;
In dreams I climb thy sloping hills once more,
Or sit me down beneath some aged tree,
Whose leafy boughs invite the rural lay
Of woodland minstrels, at the close of day.

Land of my birth ! I love thy genial skies,
Thy glowing sunset, and thy twilight fair,
As to her quiet nest the swallow flies,
And, gently stealing on the fragrant air,
Like mem'ry's dulcet voice, is faintly heard
The mournful cadence of some lonely bird.

Though but a child, I still remember well
When last I gazed upon thy verdant shore,
And as I listened to the village bell
I little thought to hear its tones no more ;
Oh ! gladly would I brave the briny main,
Land of my birth, to see thee once again !

MUSINGS.

—
Oh ! would that I might breathe to thee,
The yearnings of my heart,
And feel those burning thrills of joy,
Thy gentle words impart,
And fondly cherish in my breast
The boon I crave of thee—
That thy warm heart would sometimes breathe
One tender sigh for me.

Oh ! would I dare to love thee more,
And worship at thy shrine,
And there my heart's devotion pay,
While life and love are mine ;
Nor ever fear that thou would'st frown,
Or coldly on me look,
Or treat with scorn my love-lit smile—
For that I could not brook.

Oh ! would that I might hear again,
Thy voice, so sweet and clear,

And feel its magic o'er my heart—
While falling on mine ear ;
And tell thee how my fancied power,
O'er fond affection set,
Stole airy wings and fled away,
That night when first me met.

Oh ! might I, since that hour disclose
My spirit's wild unrest,
The brilliant hope, the dark despair,
That kindled in my breast ;
The silent tear, the smothered sigh,
Except to God untold ;
All this, and more I've borne for thee,
And can'st thou deem me cold ?

Ah, me ! I cannot struggle more,
I cannot longer hide
The deep emotion of my breast,
Nor stay love's flowing tide.
No ! no ; I cannot banish now
Thine image from my heart—

Thou shalt my dearest idol be,

Though we may dwell apart.

Ah ! do not my devotion chide,

Nor bid me quite despair ;

But let my yearnings reach thy heart,

And find an echo there.

And when the cares of life shall close,

I'll bless thee for thy love,

And die rejoicing in the hope

That we may meet above.

AUTUMN.

A FEW bright days ago,

The trees were clad in green,

But now upon their boughs

A leaf can scarce be seen.

For Autumn's chilly blast

Has nipt them by its blight,

And rudely o'er the earth,
Has strewn them in its flight.

And, startled by its moan,
The sweet birds fly in throngs,
To chant in other chimes,
Their anthems and their songs.

Thus, reft of bird and leaf,
The lonely forest wails,
And trembles at the shrieks,
Of keen November gales.

But soon the dull, brown earth,
Will Winter robe in white,
And deck the naked trees
With crystal jewels bright.

Thus sheltered from the storm
Will be each wood and glen,
Till bright, warm Spring returns,
And green leaves come again.

REMEMBRANCE.

WHEN dost thou think of me ?
When fades the last bright gleam of day,
When warbling birds soar far away,
When o'er me twilight shadows steal,
When distant bells for vespers peal—
Or when, in prayer, thou bend'st the knee,
Oh ! then I would remembered be.

When dost thou think of me ?
When dusky eve its curtain draws,
When devotees of turmoil pause,
When midnight's fair majestic queen,
With all her host of stars, is seen
With beauty tinging land and sea,
Oh ! say, dost thou remember me ?

When dost thou think of me ?
When mournfully the nights winds sigh,
When slumbers close the weary eye,

When rosy tints the east adorn,
When nature's praise proclaims the morn,
When waking zephyrs kiss the lea—
I ask, wilt thou remember me ?

When dost thou think of me ?
When fortune is to thee unkind,
When anxious cares oppress the mind,
When hope is dim and friends are few,
When gushing tears the cheek bedew,
When future days seem dark to thee—
Remember, oh ! remember me.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

On, merrily, merrily blows the wind,
And away o'er the dark blue sea,
With her flowing sails, and her helmsman true,
And the joyous song of a noble crew,
Our vessel is bounding free.

The rocky cliff, and the mountain peak,
Where the eagle soareth high,
Are flitting fast in the sunlight gleam,
And now like a tiny speck they seem,
On the brow of the azure sky.

Oh, merrily, merrily blows the wind,
And the billows dance with glee,
And still, like a creature of life and light,
Our vessel is speeding her airy flight,
O'er the blue and the boundless sea.

Though green are the hills in my own fair land,
Though pleasant her woods may be,
I should weary soon of her rustic shades,
Of her flowery fields and her forest glades—
A mariner's life for me.

In the darkest night, in the wildest storm,
I could gaze on the ocean's breast ;
Or swing in my hammock and sweetly there,
'Mid the thunder's roar and the lightning's glare,
I could sink like a child to rest.

Oh, merrily, merrily blows the wind,
And away o'er the dark blue sea,
With her flowing sails, and her helmsman true,
And the joyous song of a noble crew,
Our vessel is bounding free.

T O J. M * * * * *

In friendship's name my lute I'll take,
That's long neglected lain,
And in soft numbers will I wake,
Its silver strings again ;
And while around my heart it throws
A sweet and magic spell,
The joy to me thy friendship brings,
In music's strains I'll tell.

Oft when my spirit, lone and sad,
Has brooded o'er the past,

And mourned those dear departed days,
That seemed too bright to last ;
When tears I vainly strove to hide,
Would oft unbidden start,
Thy friendship, like an angel's smile,
Brought sunshine to my heart.

How strong, how sacred is the chain
That heart to heart doth bind,
And who would break the golden links,
By friendship thus entwined.
Whate'er in life's meandering scenes,
My future lot may be,
I will not ask a friend more true
Than thou hast been to me.

ON MORNING.

—
Oh, sweet is the dawning hour,
When dews like holy incense rise,
And waft to God on mystic wings,
Earth's morning sacrifice.

And fair Aurora tints
The azure sky with golden light,
And chases far the sable clouds,
That veil the world in night.

And angels that hourly watch,
While earth reposing lies,
Spreading their bright celestial wings,
Pass swiftly to the skies.

And rosy twilight fades,
Before the gorgeous king of day,
Who from the east rejoicing comes
In glorious array.

And gentle zephyrs kiss
Dew-drops from the blushing flowers,
That waking speed their odors sweet,
Through fields and summer bowers.

And on the ocean's wave,
Sunbeams like golden shadows beam,
And laughing breezes catch the spray,
That leaps from mountain stream.

And to the huntsman's horn,
The echoing rocks and hills reply,
And beasts of prey that nightly prowl,
As falcons swift go by.

And insect voices greet,
With songs of praise the waking day,
And feathered songsters warble sweet,
To God their morning lay.

And man from sweet repose,
Joyful again to see the light,

Goes forth to toil with cheerful heart,
Till day gives place to night.

Oh, sweet and hallowed time,
Let thy peaceful influence rest
On all the hours that shall succeed
To this, that thou hast blest.

CLARA, OR ORPHAN GIRL.

"Stay, lady, stay, and hear my tale,"
A timid maiden said,
Whose form was slight and weak and frail—
Nor did she raise her head.

For tears were falling thick and fast,
Upon her pallid cheek,
And grief, that seemed to rend her heart,
Forbade her more to speak.

And, fainting, to the earth she fell—
The lady thought her dead,
But 'twas her strength a moment failed,
Her spirit had not fled.

“ Arise, poor girl,” the lady said,
“ And tell me all thy woe,—
Hast thou no mother, home or friends ?
Or what can grieve thee so ? ”

These kindly words unloosed her tongue,
And gave her heart relief—
Though still she wept, she tried to tell
The cause of all her grief.

“ I have no mother now,” she said,
“ She died but yester-night ;
And scarcely yet two hours ago,
They bore her from my sight.

“ Death was to her a sweet release—
I was her only tie,

And oft she warned me to prepare,
To meet her in the sky.

“ She knew I’d but one earthly friend—
And he was far away ;
But, ‘ Clara, put your trust in God,’
How fondly would she say.

“ Then lift her eyes to Heaven in prayer,
That angels might descend,
To watch the child she soon must leave,
Unguarded by a friend.

“ And as her spirit passed away,
She clasped me to her breast—
‘ Oh ! do not weep, my child,’ she said,
‘ I’m going home to rest ;

“ ‘ And He, who is the orphan’s guide,
Thy footsteps will direct ;
Tho’ lone and dreary be thy way,
He will thy life protect.

“ ‘ Farewell! we soon will meet again,
On that eternal shore
Where all is joy, and peace, and love,
And parting is no more.’

“ And now they’ve laid her in the tomb,
And I am left alone,
Without a home, without a friend,
Or aught to call my own.

“ For want had entered our abode,
Ere death could bring relief—
Starvation wrecked my mother’s health,
This is my deepest grief.”

Again the orphan ceased to speak,
But to the lady clung,
And in an agony of grief
Her arms around her flung;

And her warm heart was deeply moved,
That one so young and fair

Should drink of sorrow's bitter cup,
And early learn despair.

" Come, come with me, poor girl," she said,
" My peaceful home is near,
And when repose has soothed thy grief,
Thy tale I'll further hear."

As moon-beams piercing through the clouds,
Make glad the traveler's heart,
So joy to Clara's aching breast,
Did those kind words impart.

" Oh ! thank you, thank you !" lady dear,
She warmly strove to say,
While mingled tears of grief and joy,
From her full heart made way.

" Oh ! Clara, dearest do not weep,
But lean upon my arm—
See, yonder mansion fair is mine ;
I'll shelter thee from harm."

Encouraged thus, with trembling steps,
How anxiously she pressed,
To gain her home, who promised there
To give the orphan rest !

Now safe within these friendly walls,
Her anguish grew less keen—
Her throbbing heart more calmly beat,
Her brow became serene ;

And when with every want supplied,
And day was past its close,
“ Oh, show me to my couch,” she said,
“ That I may seek repose.”

Though sleep, the weary’s ready friend,
But seldom brings relief
To those whose spirits are oppressed,
With deep and bitter grief.

Yet Clara soon in slumber sweet,
As beauty locked in grace,

Smiled gently through those bitter tears,
That late bedewed her face.

An hour had fled—the vision passed—
Her pleasant sleep was broke,
And back to pain, and care, and woe,
That child of sorrow woke.

“ Oh ! was it but an idle dream ?
Is not my Edward here ?
Could fancy breathe those tender words
That fell upon my ear ?

“ No, no—’twas Edward’s voice I heard—
Oh ! whither has he fled ?
Go call him—tell him I am here ! ”
In frantic grief she said.

Then quickly from her couch she rose,
But wept in wild despair,
When but the moonbeams met her gaze,
For Edward was not there.

And, wakened by her bitter wails,
That gentle lady rose,
And kindly said, "Oh, tell me, child,
What's broken thy repose?"

To Clara's cheek, so pale and wan,
The rose-like color came,
Then dyed her lips to ashy white,
And trembling seized her frame.

But soothing words, and tender care,
Were lent to her relief;
Then timidly she tried to tell
Her yet remaining grief.

"I must have dreamed to-night," she said,
"Of one that's dear to me—
A voice like his so charmed my ear,
I thought it must be he.

"It seemed that spring had come again,
To cheer the dreary earth,

And fan the flowerets back to life,
That drooped at winter's birth—

“The trees put forth their fresh green leaves,
And tuneful birds were glad,
And insect voices filled the air,
And I alone was sad ;

“For I had early pledged my heart,
To one that's far away,
And when I looked for his return,
Came wearisome delay ;

“Soft shades of twilight seemed to steal
My little casement through,
And on the gentle breeze were borne,
Sweet tones that well I knew ;”—

“A thrill of joy my bosom filled—
‘Tis Edward's voice ! I cried ;
‘Yes, yes, my love, I've come at last,
To claim my faithful bride,—

“ While yet he spake the spell was broke,
My happy dream had fled ;
Those accents sweet I heard no more—
Oh ! much I fear he’s dead !

“ For he’d a heart too warm and true,
Too noble to deceive—
I cannot deem him false to me,
Though bitterly I grieve ;

“ But, lady, should he e’er return,
When I am cold in death,
Oh ! tell him that his cherished name,
Was with my latest breath !”

These thoughts brought sorrow to her breast,
And heavily she sighed,
And down her cheeks rolled burning tears.
She vainly strove to hide.

And from that lady’s face the while
Beamed warmest sympathy—

She said, " Oh, Clara, dear, be calm,
Thy home shall be with me.

" Thy stricken heart I'll strive to soothe ;
Let me thy sorrow share,
For anguish such as thine is hard,
For one so young to bear.

" And hope's bright star is shining still—
Oh, let its cheering beam
Illume thy sad, foreboding heart,
And life will sweeter seem.

" Perchance thy much loved Edward lives,
And homeward wends his way,
And longs the hapless cause to tell
Of his protracted stay.

" Bright, happy days may yet be thine,
And sorrow come no more—
The storm that's loudest in its wail,
Is far the soonest o'er."

But Clara felt her blighted heart
Fast withering away,
And soon within the dark, cold grave,
Her wasted form must lay.

Nor did she wish to linger here,
Save for dear Edward's sake ;
But when she thought of his delay,
It seemed her heart would break.

“ Oh ! could I ere life's trembling strings
Their mournful echoes cease,
Gaze but one moment on his face,
Then could I die in peace ;

“ For I've a home beyond the sky,
Away from care and pain,
And friends that parted from me here,
I there may meet again.”

Though long that gentle lady strove,
Poor Clara's life to cheer,

Yet on her cheek she saw with pain,
The hectic flush appear.

The glowing tints of summer flowers,
Unseen, had passed away,
And all that bloomed awhile so fair,
Was sinking to decay :

And sadly o'er the fading earth,
Came autumn's chilling breeze,
And swept the few remaining leaves,
That lingered on the trees ;

And Clara, drooping like the flowers,
Her cheek still paler grew,
And fast was fading from her eyes,
Their soft, exquisite hue.

The blighting wind that strews the leaves,
And curls them with its breath,
To her its bitter moaning proved
The harbinger of death.

Still lingered in the rosy west,
Soft gleams of parting day,
When Clara grasped the lady's hand,
And calmly strove to say :

“ Farewell, dear friend ! Oh, do not mourn !
Bright angels round me stand,
They'll bear me from this dreary world,
To Eden's fairer land.”

Then from her breast a locket drew,
And on it pressed a kiss—
“ Oh ! should my Edward e'er return,
Dear lady give him this.”

She ceased, for death his icy hand
Had laid upon her frame,
But ere her gentle spirit fled,
Her absent Edward came.

She sweetly smiled, and pressed his hand,
And tried to speak in vain,

Then ceased the echoes of her heart,
That ne'er should beat again.

“ Oh, Clara! Clara! my betrothed,”
Young Edward wildly said,
“ Have I but come to lay my bride
Among the lonely dead ?”

The fairest spot the churchyard held,
Was Clara’s bridal grave,
The myrtle and the cypress there
Their pensive branches wave.

And Edward oft, bereaved and sad,
His death-bound Clara weeps,
And like an angel o’er her tomb
A faithful vigil keeps.

SPRING.

SHE's coming, oh, she's coming,
The bright and joyous Spring !
And aromas the sweetest,
She bears upon her wing.
The snowy wreaths of winter,
Will vanish at her glance,
And sporting zephyrs greet her,
Where smiling sunbeams dance.
She'll break the chains asunder
That bind the limpid streams ;
She'll wake, with voice of music,
All nature from her dreams ;
She'll robe the fields with verdure,
And clothe the leafless trees ;
She'll fling a healing sweetness
Upon the laughing breeze.
She'll woo the feathered songsters,
To cheerful notes of mirth ;

She'll deck with flowers the sweetest
The fair reviving earth.
She'll come arrayed in splendor,
As bridal maids appear,
To wait upon the Summer,
The bride of all the year.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BELIEVE, believe me, dearest friend,
How sadly grieved I am to learn
That days and weeks must roll away
Ere I may hope for thy return.

How shall I miss thy greetings kind,
That came with each returning day,
As in our Father's house we met,
In union sweet to praise and pray ?

With other loved ones, truly there
I may devoutly worship still,

And seek His aiding grace to make
My heart submissive to His will.

But there are times, oh, friend beloved !
When o'er my soul dark shadows rise :
I need thy Christian counsel sweet,
To guide my pathway to the skies.

Oh, may Car'lin'a's genial clime
Thy failing health at once restore,
And early spring's bright sunny days
Hail thy return to Jersey's shore.

And when, dear friend, thou pray'st for those,
That are of all most dear to thee,
Ere from the Throne of Grace thou go'st,
Oh ! sometimes there remember me.

And to thy loving sister dear
My warm and kind remembrance give,
Whose acts of Christian kindness will
Long on fond memory's tablet live.

And please accept this little pledge
 Of love and gratitude combined,
For all the love and kind regard,
 Thy tender heart has shewn for mine.

TO A FRIEND GOING TO ENGLAND.

Though I adieu to thee, friend,
 Without a sigh may say,
Believe I am sincere, friend,
 My heart would bid thee stay ;
And in our circle oft, friend,
 Around our social hearth,
Thy leisure moments spend, friend,
 And share our simple mirth.

But ere thou goest hence, friend,
 Across the waters blue,

I pledge my word to thee, friend,
And ask the same of you,
That when the ocean wide, friend,
Shall sever thee and me,
The chain that binds us now, friend,
Unbroken still may be.

And when thy native land, friend,
Thine eyes behold with mirth,
Oh ! greet her shores for me, friend,
For England gave me birth ;
And though I from her strayed, friend,
Her image, bright and fair,
Was graven on my heart, friend,
And still remaineth there.

But if thy heart's desire, friend,
Thou shouldst not there obtain,
Come back, come back with speed, friend,
To freedom's land again ;
And I, with heart and hand, friend,
To Jersey's pleasant shore

Will hasten thee to greet, friend,
And welcome thee once more.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH
OF HER TWO CHILDREN.

Oh ! do not mourn those tender buds
That death has torn away,
They do but ripen in the tomb
To bloom in endless day.

Ah ! do not think those little flowers
Are crushed no more to rise :
No ! angels bear them to a land
Far, far beyond the skies.

Transplanted now in Paradise,
No blight can reach them there,
But ever fairer will they grow,
And sweeter blossoms bear.

Around the blessed Saviour's throne,
Those lovely flowerets twine—
By Him restored to life, and blessed,
And made like Him divine.

Then, do not mourn those tender buds,
Though taken from your sight,—
In softer, milder climes they bloom,
Where all is love and light.

And to that land of flowers so fair,
The Saviour bids you come ;
Behold ! your cherished ones are there—
They are not in the tomb.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING THE NEW-YORK INSTITUTION
FOR THE BLIND.

Adieu, adieu, my long loved home,
Where genial spirits dwell !
For I must bid thy hearth and halls,
This day, a sad farewell.
Thy vesper-bell will peal at eve,
But not alas ! for me,
For I shall be alone and sad,
Far, far away from thee !

Adieu, adieu, my guides belov'd,
I may no longer share
Your kind regards, your patient toil,
Your ever watchful care.
Oh, fain with you I'd linger still,
And more of knowledge gain ;
But 'tis decreed that I must go,
The wish to stay is vain.

Adieu, adieu, companions dear,
My sisters, brothers, friends,
This day completes my stay with you,
This day our union ends.
But oh ! how can I, can I bear,
To hear that death-like knell,
That bids me tear my heart away
From those I love so well !

Adieu, adieu ! it must be so !
The moment now is near,
That bids me haste from you away,
My long-loved schoolmates dear.
When ye this eve at vespers meet,
To chant a choral lay,
Oh, breathe one heartfelt prayer for her
Who will be far away.

Adieu, adieu, ye noble sires,
Whose philanthropic hearts
Have formed a plan, that e'en the blind
May learn the useful arts.

Expressions fit your praise to speak,
I know not where to find ;
May God reward your efforts made
To educate the blind.

Adieu, adieu to golden hours
That learning did employ,
And gave for ev'ry moment's toil
A sweet reward of joy ;
For they will be no longer mine,
My school-day dreams are o'er,
Far dearer should I prize them now,
Could they return once more.

Adieu, adieu to morning walks
Along the Hudson's side,
Where oft amid the rocks we heard
The music of the tide ;
And wanderings at twilight hour
Through grove by hill and stream,
That I have ever fondly prized,
But dearer now they seem.

Adieu, adieu to music's charm,
From it, I too must part ;
Much shall I miss its magic power
To soothe my lonely heart.

Adieu, ye birds at early dawn
That near my casement sing,
While all around the waking flowers
Their soft, sweet odors flung.

Adieu, adieu, ye trees and shrubs,
And pleasant play-grounds all ;
A voice for me is calling now
From yonder spacious hall.
This stately domicil demands
A parting farewell, too ;
But oh ! 'tis sad to all we've loved
At once to bid adieu !

Adieu, adieu, my cloister-home,
With all thy hallowed ties ;
The precepts thou hast given me
Most dearly shall I prize.

Trials perchance await me now,
I know not yet my lot ;
But be it weal, or be it woe,
Thou shalt not be forgot.

Adieu, once more ye loved ones all !
Forgive these gushing tears,
And all the wrongs I you have done
Through happy by-gone years.
Still in your hearts, oh, let me live,
Till ye are called to die ;—
Oh, now they lead me to the gate !
Loved home—good by—good by !

REFLECTION.

Mournfully, pensively, o'er the bright past,
Sorrow's dark shadows a gloominess cast ;
From fond beating hearts, young, happy and gay,
The sun-light of hope has faded away.

And fast fleeting time has borne on its wing,
Love that no future unmingle can bring,
And deep fretting care, like mildew or blight,
Has dimm'd the bright eye, that beamed with delight.

And unsparing death has ta'en for his guest,
The young and the fair, the dearest and best,
And heart thrilling joys that once lit the brow—
How have they vanished ! Oh, where are they now ?

All shrouded in gloom are the bright days of yore,
And visions of fame enchant us no more,
And bright, blooming youth has turned to decay,
And life, like a dream, is passing away.

SABBATH EVENING.

Softly now the light is fading,
Oh! how mild its parting ray ;
Holy thoughts my bosom filling,
Bear my raptured soul away,
On the wings of faith and love,
To a fairer world above.

Blessed Sabbath, precious season,
When the heart may lose its care,
In the full and free communion
Which it holds with God in prayer ;
And like incense to the skies,
May its pure devotion rise.

Blessed Sabbath, how I love thee !
Day of rest to mortals given,
Early have I learn't to prize thee,
Emblem of a rest in heaven—

There, in one triumphant song,
Joins the sweet seraphic throng.

Softly now the light is fading,
Fading into night away ;
But no night shall cloud the vision,
In the fadeless realms of day ;
There shall kindred spirits blend—
There the Sabbath ne'er shall end.

SAD TIDINGS.

Oh ! do not breathe those words again,
They pierce my inmost soul,
And drive me to that deep despair
That will not brook control.
They fall like death-knells on mine ear,
And fill my heart with grief,
And cause these burning tears to flow,
That do not bring relief.

They turn my sunshine into night,
And cloud hope's brightest ray ;
The slightest joys that warm my breast,
They seem to drive away.

They banish sleep, and love of friends,
And haunt my sweetest dreams ;
My pathway that was once so bright,
Oh, now how dark it seems !

Then do not breathe those words again ;
But say thou wilt not go,
And joys will to my breast return,
And tears will cease to flow ;
This bitter grief will pass away,
And all my dreams be bright—
Oh ! say we shall not dwell apart,
And I will say good night.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

Though we a fond adieu, love,
With aching hearts have said,
And tears of deep regret, love,
Were at our parting shed,
And on thy gallant bark, love,
Across the dark blue sea,
They say that thou art gone, love,
Far, far away from me ;
But still in dreams each night, love,
Thy spirit comes to mine,
And true till death my heart, love,
Shall fondly beat for thine.
And though it were decreed, love,
That we should dwell apart,
I feel there is a chain, love,
Would bind us heart to heart ;

Though sadness deep, perchance, love,
May o'er my spirit steal,
And bitter tears relieve, love,
The loneliness I feel ;
For I will never doubt, love,
The words that thou hast said,
But hide them in my breast, love,
Till life itself has fled ;
But for thy safe return, love,
How constantly I'll pray,
Oh, homeward steer thy bark, love,
And come without delay.
I do not prize thee less, love,
Though we are severed far ;
Thou still my idol art, love,
My bright and guiding star.

A N INVOCATION.

Watching angel, spirit bright,
'Neath thy wings of love and light,
Through the gloomy shades of night,
From all evil shelter me—

From the tempest in the sky,
From the thunder rolling nigh,
From the lightning flashing by,
Keep, oh, keep me safe this night ;

From disease's baneful breath,
From the sudden stroke of death,
From the enemy earth,
I entreat thee me defend.

From my spirit banish fear,
By my bed-side hover near,

And from those around me dear,
Keep all danger far away—

Till bright morning beams shall rise,
Bringing from the eastern skies
Sun and light of varied dyes,
To illumine the new-born day.

Soaring then to realms above,
Watching angel, gentle dove,
On thy wings of light and love
Bear on high my song of praise.

TO MISS J. L. B****

There is a gem of heav'nly birth
The good alone can prize,
A precious pearl of priceless worth,
Whose beauty never dies.

I found it where the muses tread
With footstep light and free ;
I stole it from its emerald bed,
My cherished one, for thee.

There is a pure and holy thought,
A balm for mortal woe,
With every gentler feeling fraught,
By angels murmured low ;

And as it came at even tide,
In whispers soft and clear,
I caught it, ere its echo died,
And bathed it with a tear.

Should sorrow e'er thy bosom fill,
Or clouds thy sky o'ercast,
Oh ! may these little treasures still
Remind thee of the past.

When mildly on thy placid brow
The star of hope doth shine,
Oh ! may thy loving heart as now
Still fondly cling to mine.

TO MISS A. P. HITCHCOCK,

OF WESTHAVEN, VERMONT, IN ANSWER TO A POEM WHICH SHE ADDRESSED
TO THE AUTHORESS.

Oh! thanks to thee, Anna,
Thy strain maketh glad
A heart that is pensive,
Oft lonely and sad ;
And rejoicing o'er tears
Thou'st shed for its woe,
It would fondly the while
Warm gratitude show.

'Tis sweet, dearest Anna,
In sorrow like mine,
To meet with a spirit
So genial as thine,
And find, with delight,
That a luminous mind
Showeth sympathy deep
For one that is blind.

Long cherished, dear Anna,
The morning shall be,
When, like a bright angel,
Thou camest to me,
And, in tones sweet and clear,
Thy music-like voice
Sweetly fell on my ear,
And made me rejoice.

Dispelling, dear Anna,
The gloom of that night
That sun, moon, nor stars
Can never make bright ;
But the love of a heart
That's true, warm, and kind,
Giveth light to the soul
Of one that is blind.

A wreath for thee, Anna,
May many hearts twine,
Of love's sweetest flowers
That never decline.

May angels, the brightest,
Thy pathway attend,
Till life's weary journey
In heaven shall end.

A smile for thee, Anna,
A sigh and a prayer,
I offer thee now
For sympathy's tear ;
And trust in the future,
Still warm, I shall find
A heart that has melted
For one that is blind.

AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S INQUIRY.

How sadly sweet upon mine ear
Thy kind inquiry fell !
It touched my heart, and tears gushed forth,
That told its thoughts too well.

For I had deemed that long ere this
 My dreary bitter lot,
My poetry, my home, my name,
 Were all by thee forgot.

Forgive the thought that did thee wrong,
 It came without the will,
My sad lone heart grows glad to know
 That I'm remembered still.

Thy friendship now I warmly crave—
 Ah, do not say me nay !
Through life 't would ever cheer and light
 My dark and lonely way.

Accept of me this humble pledge
 Of gratitude to thee,
For that warm heartfelt sympathy
 Thy words expressed for me.

Ah me ! I may not longer dwell
 On sympathy so keen,
But deep unuttered thoughts shall serve
 “ To keep my memory green.”

A SERENADE SONG.
—

Come, fly with me, sweet Evelyn ;
To-night the wind is fair,
Soft moon-beams play upon the deep,
And balmy is the air.
In melting tones the night bird pours
His soft and witching lay,
The gleaming stars in beauty shine,
And sporting zephyrs play.

Haste, dearest, haste, I must away ;
While yet the skies are clear,
The tide is rolling to the main,
I may not linger here.
My gallant ship lies down the bay,
Mann'd by a noble crew ;
Her sails are spread, her anchor weighed,
And a light-boat waits for you.

Come, come, my love, and be my bride,
Ere yet we leave the strand,
Then o'er the bounding wave we'll speed
To fair Italia's land.

Then fly with me, sweet Evelyn,
To-night the wind is fair,
Soft moon-beams play upon the deep,
And balmy is the air.

THE FATHER'S CURSE; OR, THE BRIDE OF THE WAVE.

“ I CANNOT believe him false ; and yet, how strange that more than three months have elapsed since, by the margin of yonder limpid stream, he held me to his bosom, and promised to be faithful to me forever ! No, no ! I will not believe him false ; and yet, there is a weight upon my spirit, a dark foreboding of approaching ill, which, in spite of all my efforts, I find it impossible to dissipate. Oh ! Alfred, Alfred ! ” and with these words Emily Clifford started from her seat, and, throwing open the casement, bathed her aching brow in the cool fragrance of the summer breeze. The night was one of exquisite loveliness ; but its beauty seemed only to mock her sorrow, and add a deeper pang to the bitterness of her crushed heart.

At this moment a light step was heard, and the

sweet voice of Kate Hamilton roused her from her reverie. "What! you here, and alone!" exclaimed the merry girl. "Why, you are looking the very picture of misery itself. Come, come, cheer up: I have news for you. Cousin Alfred is on his way to C——, and will probably be with us to-morrow."

"Do not jest with me, Kate," answered her companion, pettishly; then, recollecting herself, she added, in a more playful tone: "I am not well this evening, so you must pardon my abrupt manner."

"I will do no such thing," replied Kate, laughing. "I will believe you angry with me, unless you make me your confessor, and tell me the honest truth, which is, that you are absolutely in love, and that you have some misgivings as to the constancy of my very worthy cousin. There now, be frank with me, and perhaps I may be of use to you; at all events I will endeavor to prove myself worthy of your confidence."

"Well, madcap," said Emily, who had by this time recovered her self-possession; "after all, there is something about you positively irresistible; and

now, since you have guessed my secret, you must lock it within your bosom. But how came you by the intelligence that Alfred was on his way to C——?"

"I have it from the most credible source imaginable; yet, lest you should be inclined to doubt its authenticity, I believe I must allow you to peruse a letter, delicately inscribed to a certain young lady, who shall be nameless."

Emily took the letter, and proceeded, with a trembling hand, to break the seal. It ran thus :

"If you have not already banished me from your thoughts, read this, and let the sentiments it conveys, atone in some measure for my long silence and apparent neglect.

"You are aware of the circumstances which compelled me to return to my father, and you will also recollect the vows we exchanged on the evening previous to my departure; but you know nothing of the anguish that has rent my inmost soul, and driven me almost to madness. I found my father inexorable. He seemed determined to force me to a union with one, who, from my heart, I utterly detested. She, too, sought every opportunity of intruding herself upon my society; but her presence to me

was most repulsive, and I, therefore, avoided her company.

“ One morning, I was summoned to attend my father in his library. I shall not attempt to describe the conversation that ensued between us ; suffice it to say, he reproached me with my ingratitude, and told me that my obstinacy in refusing to comply with his wishes would plunge him in the vortex of ruin.

“ ‘ I will not disguise the fact,’ he continued, ‘ that, during my improvident life, I have expended the immense fortune bequeathed me by your grandsire, and an alliance on your part with Helen Clair can alone enable me to hold the position which is fast tottering from my grasp. Oh, Alfred ! by the love of your sainted mother, I conjure you to save me from the storm which must, ere long, burst upon my gray hairs, and make me a beggar and an outcast.’

“ What was to be done, I knew not. My brain reeled; I felt a cold shudder steal over my frame, and, but for the kind hand of an overruling Providence, I should have doubtless yielded to his entreaties.

“ Fortunately, however, an old friend happening to call, and desiring his immediate presence, I was left alone in the library. A strange curiosity prompted me to open a private drawer, in which I discovered a letter addressed to Helen by my father, disclosing a plan most likely to induce me to become hers.

“ ‘ Having fulfilled my part of the contract,’ he continued, ‘ I shall leave the rest to you. The prize once

secured will not be likely to escape. Ellen, it was I who first formed the plan of a matrimonial alliance between you and my son. Alfred knows nothing of the correspondence between us.'

"Words cannot portray my feelings as I concluded the last sentence of that deceptive letter. I could have crushed it to atoms ; but suppressing my anger, I replaced it, and, closing the drawer, sat down to deliberate on the best means of extricating myself from my unpleasant situation. It was not long ere my father returned. He attempted to resume the conversation ; but this, however, I positively declined. He grew impatient, and threatened to disinherit me. My pride revolted, and, bursting into a paroxysm of rage, I arose hastily, and producing the fatal letter, hurled it at him, with an air of defiance, exclaiming vehemently as I did so, 'Your secret is betrayed ; I am not so ignorant as you imagine.'

"Pale, and trembling with agitation, my father attempted to reply, but could not. For some time, he remained like one stupified ; then, rousing himself from his lethargy, his pent-up breath vented itself in a torrent of invectives, that made my very blood curdle in my veins. 'Go !' he said, 'and may your life be dark, your hopes blighted, and your heart's idol be torn from your embrace.' For a moment, I stood riveted to the spot ; then, with a sudden bound, I darted from the room, and instantly left the house. And now, my dear Emily, after all this, can you still deem me worthy of your affection ? and will you consent to link your fate with mine?"

"Oh, Kate, Kate!" exclaimed the weeping girl, "how have I wronged the noblest and the best of beings?"

The next morning found Alfred Graham *tete-a-tete* with his betrothed. It was arranged that their nuptials should be solemnized on the following day in the little church, at the end of the green lane, and that the bridesmaid should be no other than the beautiful and blushing Kate Hamilton. The news spread like wild-fire through the quiet village of C——; and, at an early hour, the church was thronged with smiling faces, eager to congratulate the youthful pair, and to wish them a long life of joy and prosperity. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the bridal party returned to their home, where several of their most intimate friends had been invited to pass the day.

In the evening, a sail was proposed, to which all had cheerfully consented. The lake was unusually calm—scarcely a ripple disturbed its placid waters; and as the gay group sprang into their boats, they were loudly cheered by those who stood watching them from the shore. Scarcely an hour had passed,

when the heavy clouds were seen hovering in the distance. On they came ; and the rising wind and the rolling thunder told of an approaching storm.

The lake grew turbulent, and the little boats, tossed to and fro on its angry waters, became almost unmanageable.

For a single moment, Alfred held his young wife to his bosom ; then, seizing the oar which had dropped from the hand of his companion, with a wild effort he attempted to steer in the direction of the shore, but the movement had been too sudden, and the boat was overturned.

Assistance was speedily rendered, and most of the party rescued. But, alas ! for poor Alfred, the bright eyes of his darling Emily were closed forever ; and she, who, but a few hours before, had pillow'd her head confidingly upon his breast, now slept in the cold waters—the bride of the foaming wave ! The curse of his father was fulfilled ; “his life was dark, his hopes blighted, and his heart’s idol torn from his embrace.”

A D R E A M .

O'er summer flowers sleeping,
Came zephyrs soft and light,
And brilliant stars were gleaming
Around the queen of night,
That silver beams was flinging
O'er mountain, plain, and sea,
When softly to me stealing
Came dreams, my love, of thee.

It seem'd that we were straying
Beneath the forest shade,
Where flowers, wildly blooming,
In beauty were arrayed ;
And in the west remaining
Were gleams of parting day,
And birds were vespers chanting,
And soaring far away.

Till calmly o'er me stealing,
Soft rosy twilight came,
And love my heart enchanting,
Gave echo to thy name ;
Till stars their queen attending,
With beauty filled the sky,
That on the earth was gazing,
In silent majesty.

And in thine eyes were beaming
Bright hopes of joy and pride,
While thou wert me entreating
To be thy cherished bride ;
As I response was giving,
A change came o'er my dream—
It seem'd the sun was shedding
His first bright morning beam.

And at the altar kneeling,
I gave my hand to thee,
While thou thy troth were plighting,
In holy words to me ;

And joy my heart was filling,
Till morning tinged the stream,
And I with grief awaking,
Beheld my bliss a dream.

— LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Oh, tell me a tale of that sunny isle,
Whose shores are kissed by the ocean wave ;
Where the shamrock blooms, and the daisies smile—
'Tis the home of the noble, the true, and brave.

Oh, tell me a tale of the bards that sung
To Erin's heart in the days of yore—
To the harp whose silvery cadence rung
Through the vine-clad bowers of that Emerald
shore.

There are thoughts that come in the twilight dim,
When the bird sings low in its quiet nest ;

When nature is chanting her vesper hymn,
Ere she sinks on the bosom of night to rest ;

And they whisper soft of those halcyon hours
When thy young heart dreamed, and thy step was
free ;

When the wild, sweet music of Erin's bowers
Was wearing a mystic charm for thee.

There are crystal drops that in silence start,
And oft in the beams of the favorite star,
Full many a sigh from thy yearning heart
Is borne away to that land afar.

Oh, tell me a tale of that sunny isle,
Whose shores are kissed by the ocean wave ;
Where the shamrock blooms, and the daisies smile—
'Tis the land of the noble, the true, and brave.

TO FANNY.

Fanny, though we, alas ! again must part,
And each awhile in other circles blend,
Affection still shall bind us heart to heart—
While life remains our friendship ne'er shall end.

If sorrow e'er should cloud thy sunny brow,
Or bitter grief oppress thy merry heart,
Thy confidence repose in me as now—
Of grief or joy I'll gladly share a part.

And should my slender bark be rudely toss'd
By angry waves on life's tempestuous sea,
And hope's bright star 'mid sullen clouds be lost,
Let thy warm heart still fondly cling to me.

And now, farewell ! Beneath a brighter sky
Oh may I listen to thy welcome voice,
When rosy hours shall glide unheeded by,
And gladness bid our drooping hearts rejoice.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

O'er the distant mossy hill
Comes the twilight soft and still,
Lulling in a pensive dream,
Mountain, grove, vale, and stream—
Who has never felt the power
Of the mystic twilight hour ?

Scenes of pleasure buried long,
Friendship's harp, mem'ry's song,
Those I deem for ever fled,
Scattered roses, pale and dead ;
Hopes that bloomed in fancy's bower,
Greet me at the twilight hour.

Lightly on my fevered brow
Steals the playful zephyr now ;
And my heart with care oppressed,
Feels a calm and quiet rest,

For a strange mysterious power
Charms me at the twilight hour.

Crimsoned clouds of varied hue,
That float in yonder sky of blue—
Strains of music wild and clear
Fall enchanted on mine ear.
Oh, there is a magic power
In the lovely twilight hour.

THE BRIDE.

A maiden fair, of beauty rare,
Her brow had bound with garlands round;
Her eyes were bright, her step was light,
Her heart was gay as blooming May,
And sweet the voice of Leonore.

While round her pressed the bridal guests—
The merry peal of bells that steal
Upon the ear in echoes clear,
Whose chiming sound sheds joy around,
Made glad the heart of Leonore.

The bridegroom now with youthful brow,
Of manly form, with heart so warm,
Erect advanced and round him glanced,
And saw with pride he could not hide
The loving smile of Leonore.

Hand in hand together stand
The youthful pair, and fondly there
From each is heard the solemn word,
That to her swain, in Hymen's chain,
Unites the heart of Leonore.

A GROUP OF LITTLE GIRLS.

TO MY LITTLE NIECE WHO IS NOW IN OREGON.

Theresa dear, with deep regret

How oft I think of thee,

And fondly hope, my little pet,

Thou'st not forgotten me.

Oh! how I miss thy merry laugh,

When children near me play ;

With joy I mark their sports awhile,

Then sadly turn away.

And o'er the deep to Oregon,

On fancy's wings I roam,

In search of her who once had been

The sunshine of my home.

And there behold that tender bud,

In childhood's sunny bower,

With glowing beauty bright and rare,

Unfolding every hour.

Oh! might I bear it back to bloom
Beside my cottage door,
I'd guard it with the fondest care,
And never part it more.

Ah me! ah me! my fairy flower,
This may not be thy lot,
But from this hour I will thee name
My sweet forget-me-not.

TO MY LITTLE NIECE, ELIZABETH FREDERICA.

My sweet Frederica,
To thee I bequeath
A chaplet of flowerets
That fancy doth wreath,

And adorn thy fair brow
With garlands so rare,
That the bright queen of May,
All proudly might wear.

Thy pathway I'd strew
With fresh blooming flowers,
And charm with sweet music
Thy sorrowful hours.

And affection's fresh buds
With thee I would twine,
And cement thy young heart
With fondness to mine.

TO MY LITTLE COUSIN ALICE

WHOSE VISITS TO ME HAVE BEEN A SOURCE OF GREAT PLEASURE.

Thy coming, Alice, cheers me,
It makes my heart so glad ;
But ah ! thy going grieves me,
And leaves me lone and sad.

'Thy coming, like the morning,
Brings beams of joyous light,

Thy going, like the even,
Leaves but the dreary night.

Thy coming, like an angel,
Brings happiness to me;
But when thou hast departed—
Ah! how I pine for thee.

Alice, could thy coming be
To go no more away,
I think life's cares would vanish,
My heart would be so gay.

TO MY LITTLE COUSIN SARAH MATILDA.

Matilda, like music that floats light and free,
There came o'er me stealing sweet musings of thee;
Thy young heart is beating with innocent mirth,
In glee thou art wreathing the flowerets at birth,
Thy bright eyes are beaming with love fresh and warm,
And beauty is gracing thy delicate form.

Thy lute voice is thrilling each heart with delight,
Thy sweet smile is shedding a soft, sunny light,
Thy warm lip is breathing the depths of a love,
As sweet and refreshing as dews from above.
Thy light feet are roving o'er scenes bright and gay,
Thy fingers are culling sweet flowers by the way—
May wreaths of affection for thee be entwined,
And all the sweet graces in thee be combined.

TO JULIA.

Think not, dearest Julia, that thou art forgot ;
I am musing of thee when thou knowest it not ;
In fancy I'm often conversing with thee,
And think thou art smiling in answer to me.

In night's airy visions I see thy sweet face,
And deem thee the image of beauty and grace,
When fairy-like footsteps fall soft on mine ear
I rise up to greet thee with pleasure sincere.

When voices of gladness are thrilling the air,
I sigh with regret if thine own is not there ;
When sweet smiling faces are turning to mine,
I look for the roses that bloom upon thine.

When bright eyes are beaming with looks of delight,
I think thine are gleaming with far sweeter light ;
When young joyous bosoms are throbbing with glee—
Ah ! then, dearest Julia, I'm thinking of thee.

TO ISABELLA.

Another flower from fairy bower
With smiling face I'll bring to grace
This group so fair of gems so rare ;
Her eyes are bright, her heart is light—
'Tis my sweet Isabel.

The birds that sing at early spring,
With voices clear, may glad the ear ;

But melts the heart, as dews that part,
When o'er it meet, in cadence sweet,
The tones of Isabel.

The sunbeam bright, of golden light,
With cheering smile may charm awhile,
But then its ray will fade away,
And leave the glade where once it played—
Not so with Isabel.

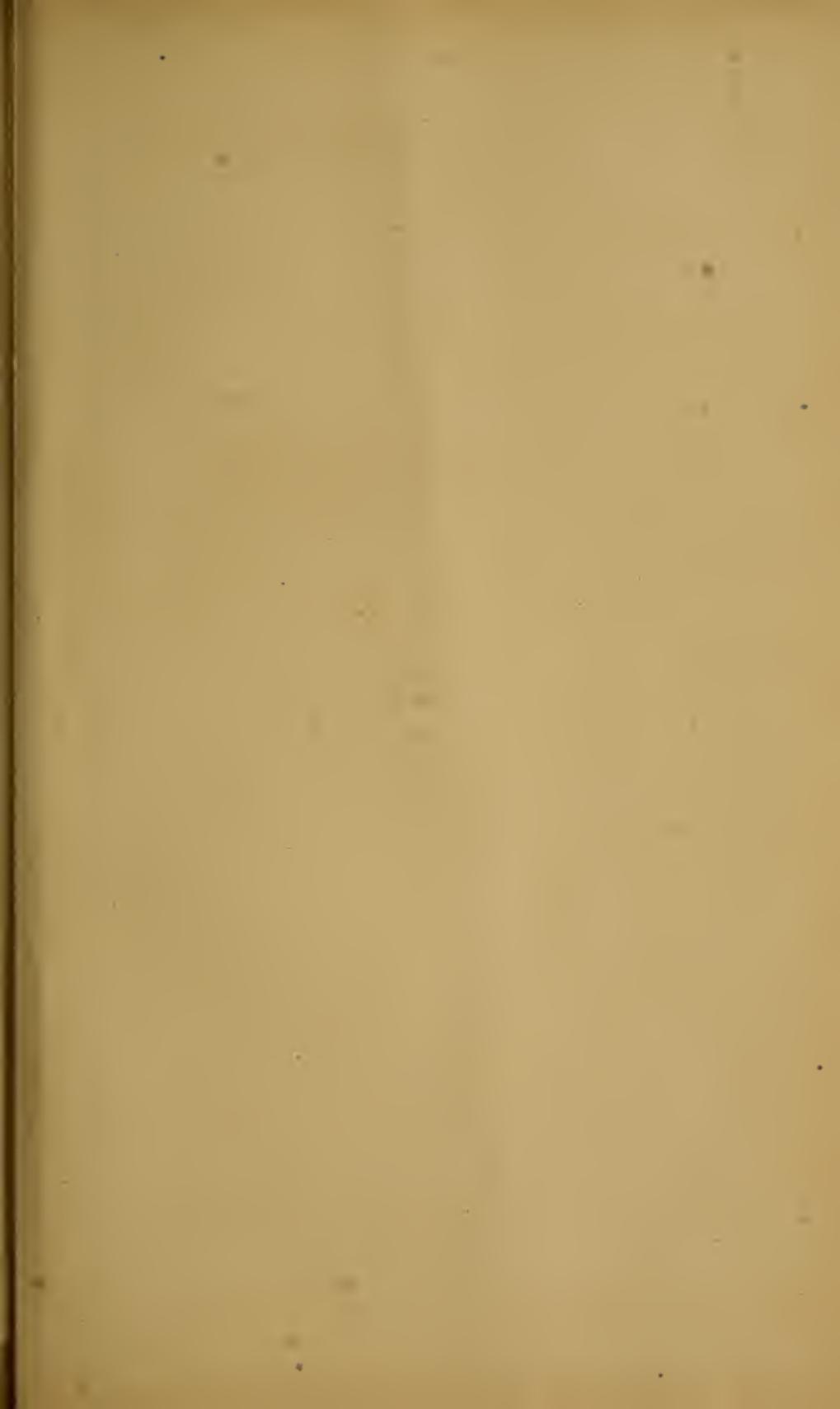
Her smile is bright, from morn till night,
And while she sings, a halo flings
Around the spot where 'tis her lot,
With joyful mirth, to cheer the hearth—
Adieu, my Isabel.

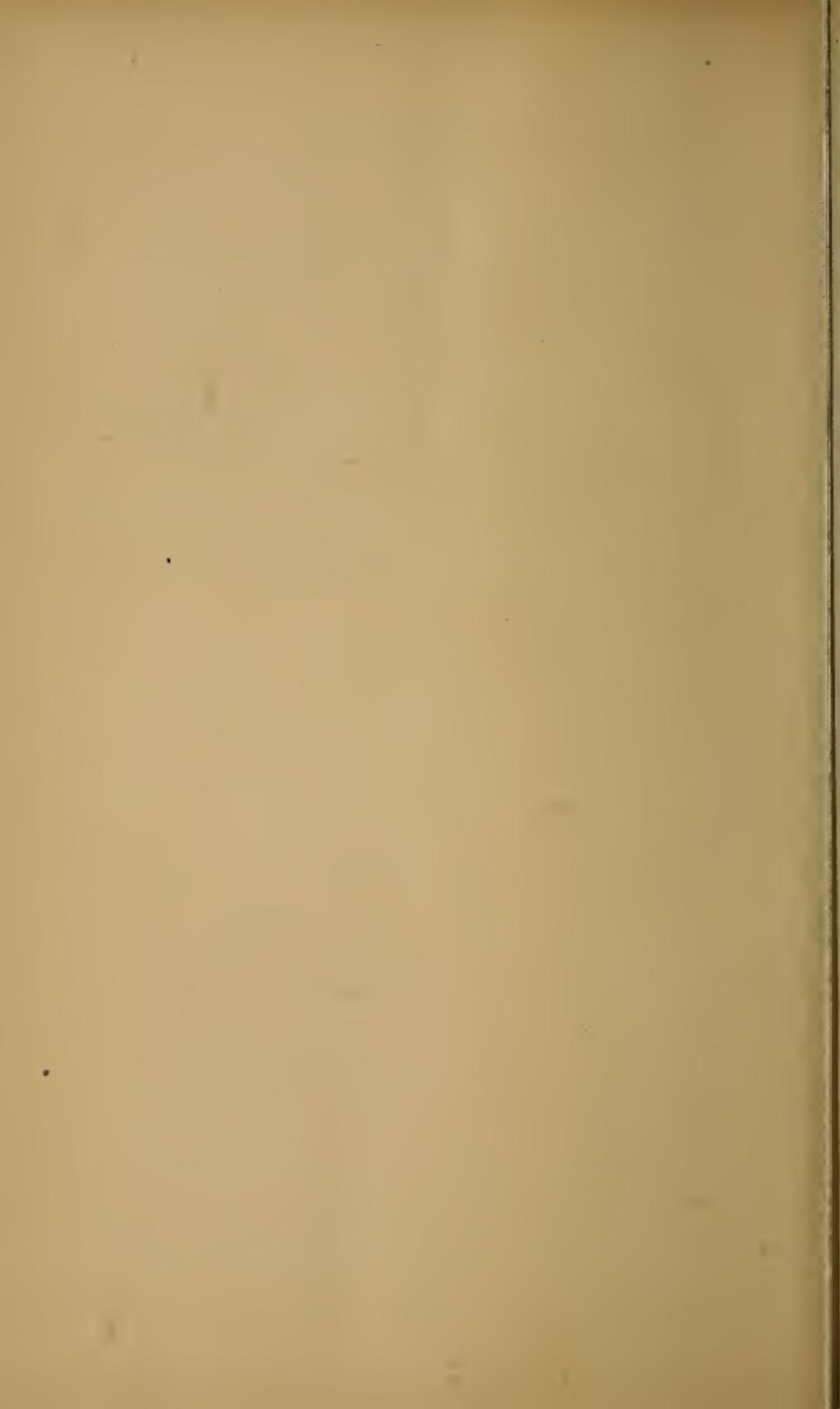
TO MY COUSIN ELIZA.
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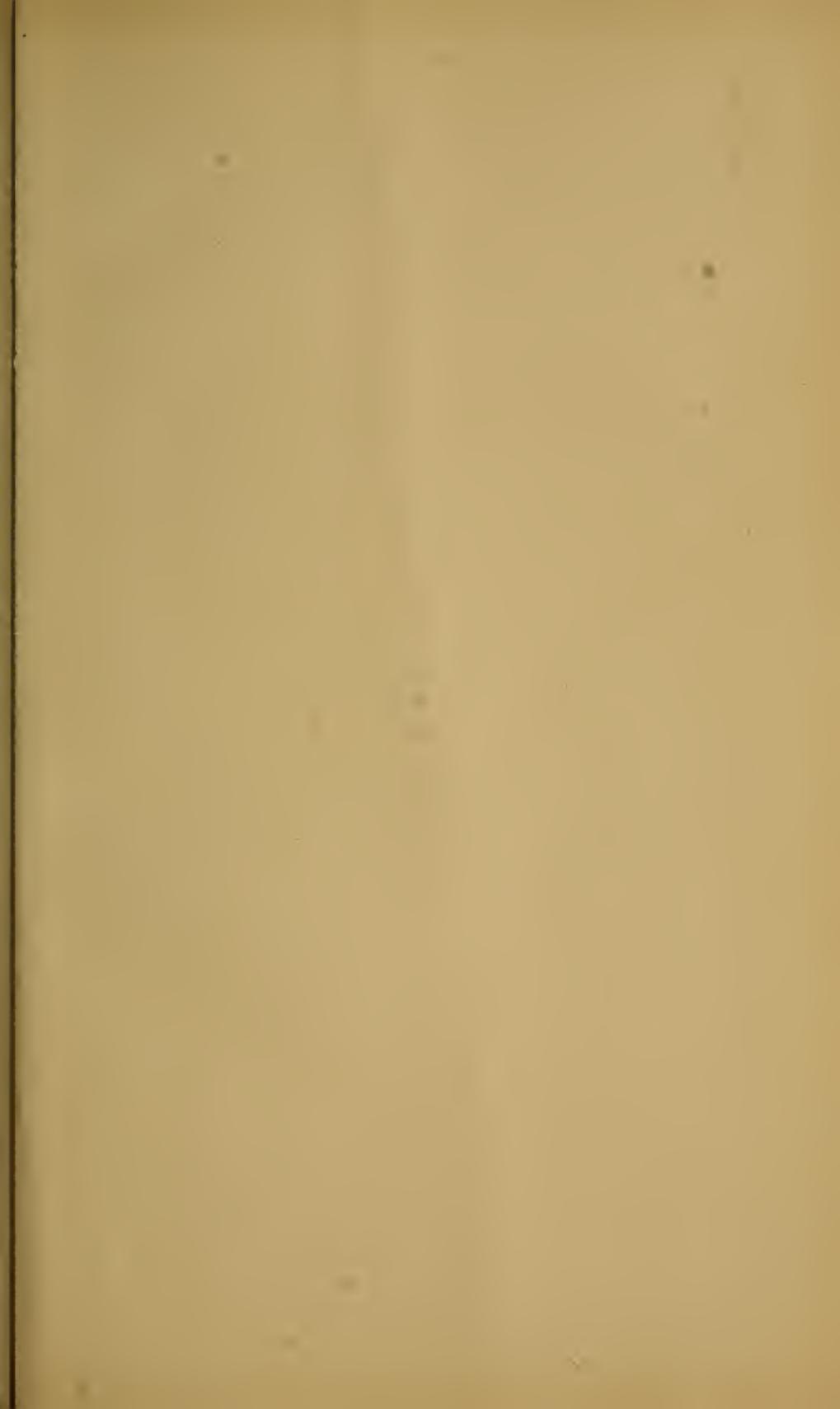
For thee, dearest cousin, for thee,
My harp from the willow I've ta'en,
And wake from its long silent chords,
A simple, yet heart-bidden strain.
I respond, dear cousin, with joy,
To thy deep-toned breathings of love,
They seem like the notes of a harp
When touched by an angel above.
With thee, dearest cousin, I hope
Each other ere long we shall meet,
And mutual friendship and love
The joy of our hearts shall complete ;
For what, dearest cousin, is life,
When severed from those we hold dear ?
Though surrounded by honor and wealth,
We yearn for sweet sympathy's tear.

'Tis vain, dearest cousin, for me,
To attempt by language to show
The deep, sweet emotions of love,
Thy kindness now causeth to flow.
Then haste thee, dear cousin, to me,
That fondly our hearts may entwine,
And yield to each other the joys
That love's genial air makes divine.

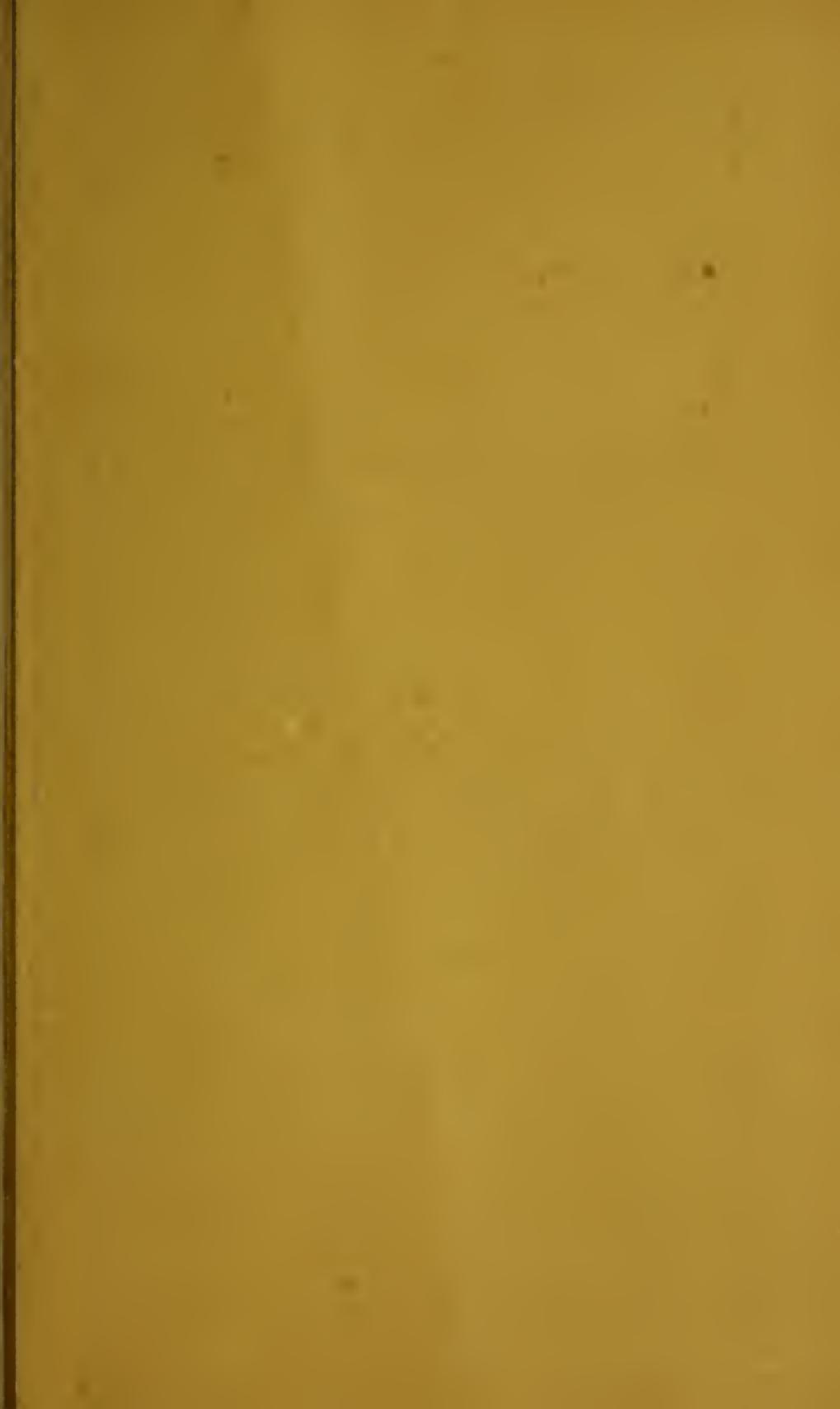
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